

grandma. I can't make anything pretty, either. I can only tell you that I love you, and spend the pennies for a postage stamp to send the letter.

"With lots of love, Mirabel."

"Well! well!" said grandma. "Bless the dear child! That's the sweetest thing she could have done."

She put her other gifts away. But when it came to finding a place for this gift—"Mirabel's letter"—she got out the carved sandalwood box. Grandma's dearest treasures were there. She looked with tender eyes at the faded old letter in which so many years before grandpa had asked her to be his wife. She stroked with loving fingers the fair, bright curl which had belonged to dear little son who had died. She smiled at a tiny bit of sewing, the very first stitches that mamma had ever taken. Then she kissed Mirabel's letter, put it in with the other treasures and safely locked the box.

So, one little girl, who thought that she could not do anything at all for grandmamma's birthday, had sent her grandmother the very sweetest gift that she received.—St. Nicholas.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It was in California that Dorothy lived. She was soon to celebrate her fourth birthday. It was very wonderful to be four years old, Dorothy thought; and, oh, wasn't it dreadful not to have a party!

If it had not been for those four years, I believe Dorothy might have cried about it; but one musn't cry when one is so old.

Mamma, too, thought it was dreadful not to have a party; and all the week before the birthday she was trying to think of something; and just the day before Dorothy would be four years old she found a splendid way to celebrate.

Dorothy lived away up in the mountains with her parents, and there was not a child within ten miles of them; and, as Dorothy said, she had no one to play with but the birds, the squirrels, and the little baby pigs at the barn. Dorothy's big cone, "Old Giant," solved the problem of her birthday party.

As it was still rather cool in the evening, they had been keeping a fire in their tent every night; and one day Dorothy discovered her big cone was opening and stretching out its brown points all around. The heat caused this; and each night it opened wider and wider, until one day they found lying all around it pine nuts, or pinions, in their brown, silky cases. When the cone was shaken, so many more came tumbling out it seemed hardly possible it could hold so many. The pine nuts gave mamma a suggestion.

The day before Dorothy's birthday her mamma said: "I am going to send out invitations for your party to-day, Dorothy."

"Why, mamma, I can't have a party," Dorothy said; "there are only the birds and squirrels here to play with—not a single little girl or boy."

"I know it," mamma said, laughing; "but let us invite them. We will invite the squirrels to your party. They will like it; you will see."

The invitations were the pine nuts in their silky cases.

Papa nailed a box to the big pine tree, where the squirrels so often played, and placed the invitations inside.

There were invitations for Bun, Chap, Frisky, Swift and Mamma Gray, with little Fuzzy Wuzzy Gray. Oh, yes, one for Reddy, if he would only come! But they feared he would not while Bun and Frisky were there, as they always quarreled.

Dorothy watched them as they came chattering down the tree to the box and got their invitations.

They seemed so pleased that mamma said she did not think there would be any regrets sent in, and they could expect every one—every one but Reddy; he might not accept if he found out all the gray squirrels were coming. The next day was the party.

Papa filled the box with the pinons they had gathered from "Old Giant," and Dorothy sat down to wait for her guests. The first to arrive were Mrs. Gray and Fuzzy Wuzzy. They were just wild with delight, and chatted so loudly that Frisky, Bun, Chap and Swift came racing over from the other trees in great haste, lest they get left out of the feast.

What fun they had! They would run with the nuts to a branch of the tree, pop down on their haunches, and eat for all they were worth. And how they did chatter! Dorothy wished she could understand all they said; but the only thing they said plainly was: "We like it! We like it!"

When at last the refreshments were all gone, they raced and played games in the trees for a long time.

Once Reddy started toward them; but Bun and Frisk saw him, and chased him back right to his very door.

Dorothy felt sorry for poor little Reddy, and declared she would shake "Old Giant" and get more nuts for him.

At last they grew weary of play, and Mrs. Gray said it was time to go home; so she took Fuzzy Wuzzy, and they chattered "Good-night" to their little hostess. The younger ones, Frisky, Bun, Chap and Swift, had one more good race up the tree and down; then they skipped over the logs and were gone.

Dorothy clapped her hands as the last gray bushy tail disappeared, and cried: "Mamma, that is the best party I've ever had!"—Boys and Girls.

WHAT A GOOD START IS GOOD FOR.

A good start may become a dangerous snare. This is not the fault of the good start, but of the person who, having made it, rests back comfortably on the idea that things will now take care of themselves. Almost anybody can make a good start. About one in a hundred holds it. Printers know this by costly experience. They know that the good pressman is not the one who can turn out a faultlessly printed sheet just after the make-ready and the color and the register have been satisfactorily adjusted, but the one from whose work you can pick out at random a sheet after a thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, have been run, and find it difficult to say from what part of the run it came. The man who holds out through the entire job, whether it be printing, or preaching, or living life in any other of its searching, testing forms, is yet in the minority. A good start is good for just as long as it lasts.—no longer.—S. S. Times.